

THE
SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,
&c.

~~E R R A T U M.~~

~~P. 10. l. 1. for o'erblanc'd read o'erblanch'd.~~

38-31
20

THE
SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,



A

P O E M.

BY

MR. JERNINGHAM.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. ROBSON, NEW BOND-STREET.

M.DCC.XCI.

10450: 25.18



*Gift of
Mrs. Walter Gunning*

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN BOYDELL,

LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

EDW^d JERNINGHAM.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN BOYDELL

LORD MAYOR OF THE CITY OF LONDON

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS Obedient

HUMBLE SERVANT

EDW. YERGENHAM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem does not pass any judgment upon the Pictures that are now exhibited in the Gallery; but attempts to point out new subjects for future exhibitions: And, in the delineation of new subjects, attention is paid to the principle laid down by our great Painter, (in his notes to the translation of Fresnoy by Mr. MASON) “That palpable situation “is preferable to curious sentiment, as the Painter speaks to the eye.”

The encouragement that is now so liberally extended to Painting, will soon decide the question,

ADVERTISEMENT.

tion, Whether or no our Painters are adequate to the task they are called upon to perform. MACKLIN's exhibition is also a splendid and arduous undertaking: It is another Lyceum, in which rival Artists may contend for fame and emolument.

SHAKSPEARE

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,

&c.

AS mus'd the Prophet near mild CHEBAR's stream*,
And pray'd his God to dart th' enlight'ning gleam,
Abrupt-descending from his airy height,
A form angelic rush'd upon his sight!
With smiling lip he cheer'd the hallow'd Sire,
And bad his soul to Heav'n's best gift aspire:
Then, with strong hand, he grasp'd his silver hair,
And swift convey'd him thro' the yielding air,
Along th' unwinged region of the sky,
The dread, mysterious, deep abyss on high.

* EZEKIEL, Chap. 8th.

B

There

There Inspiration her bright cloud withdrew,
 And pour'd her visions on his daring view :
 Then on his rapture-kindled eye arose
 Those forms of splendor, those terrific shows,
 With which he peopled his celestial dream,
 And swell'd his proud magnificence of theme.
 To ENGLAND'S Leading Bard thus Genius came,
 Envelop'd in a robe of holy flame,
 And bore him, with a whirlwind's rapid force,
 Beyond the solar road, and starry course ;
 From which far tow'ring and tremendous height
 (While now he hovers with suspended flight)
 The Poet view'd, as on a spacious plain,
 Of human passions the long shadowy train :
 As flings the noon-sun his clear beams from high,
 On the dim tribes he darts his radiant eye.
 'Twas then the favor'd Bard receiv'd the lore,
 (Whose mystic veil was ne'er remov'd before)
 That revelation to his instinct giv'n,
 That ray from God, the energy of Heav'n.

To his illumin'd fight was then confign'd
 The deep recesses of the Human Mind;
 The ever-varying path of tortuous Art,
 And the dark passage to the Tyrant's heart;
 Th' umbrageous winding of the thorny road,
 That leads to quick-ey'd Jealousy's abode;
 The gath'ring storms that o'er Resentment roll;
 The swelling waves that toss the fearful soul;
 The calm that breathes around the Infant's rest,
 The rugged cavern of the Murd'rer's breast;
 The dread materials by the Furies brought,
 With which are forg'd Despair's tempestuous thought;
 The shaft, that, mingling pleasure with the pain,
 Bathes in the blood that warms the Lover's vein.

Oh Thou! th' IMPERIAL GENIUS of our land!
 Take a fresh garland from thy country's hand;
 Triumphs unknown she hastens to proclaim,
 And stamp a new-born era on thy fame!

Too long, as with the iron power of Fate,
 Hath Custom bolted the Historic Gate;
 Enlighten'd BOYDELL bursts th' opposing bar,
 On their rude hinge the pond'rous portals jar;
 While the rapt Arts salute, with loud acclaim,
 This rich accession to their rising name.
 Genius of PAINTING! thy bright car ascend,
 Bid glowing Energy thy steps attend,
 Triumphant ride thro' th' unrifled land,
 And seize thy plunder with victorious hand.
 Thou too, who favor'st the Promethean toil,
 Genius of SCULPTURE! share the sacred spoil!
 Let Fancy lift thy blazing urn on high,
 Whose flame thy bold hand ravish'd from the sky;
 And on its fide, with flow'rets breathing round,
 Let the immortal name of BANKS be found *.

Oft have we heard the pure of taste complain
 Of mawkish Portraiture's eternal reign;

* See the alto-relievo in the front of the gallery, which does honor to modern Statuary.

Of exhibitions which the art disgrace,
 And pall the eye with many a vacant face.
 Let Miniature erect her fairy school,
 And 'mid her gewgaws unmolested rule;
 Let her bright dome each pleas'd Narcissus seek,
 To her let Beauty hold her summer cheek!
 In fond allusion to the month of May,
 Let her the youthful bride's gay form display;
 Let her delineate, on her iv'ry plane,
 The nuptial finger of the happy swain!
 From these we turn to scenes of higher aim,
 Where Eagle-Genius soars to nobler game;
 Where Fancy, Reason, Taste, in one conjoin'd,
 Unfold the workings of th' impassion'd mind.
 Now to the laurell'd, academic band,
 To ev'ry artist's emulative hand,
 Munificence upholds her sacred prize,
 And bids the daring reach it from the skies.

While Expectation lifts the thought on high,
 Methinks I view, with a prophetic eye,

In

In solemn state ascend that splendid Dome,
 Where the proud Arts shall find an equal home;
 Where, at the opening of some glorious day,
 The English mind its treasures shall display;
 While they, whose taste is sway'd by Rigor's rule,
 Shall mark the wonders of the Albion School *.

If time shou'd e'er obliterate the gold
 Of SHAKSPEARE'S language, cast in Vigor's mould,
 Here shall, invested in their various guise,
 The throng of his departed Forms arise!
 The splendid forms his mind luxuriant drew,
 The bold creations he held forth to view,
 As from their grave shall burst the num'rous host,
 And on these walls a new existence boast.
 Here shall be seen, in all its charms array'd,
 Th' impressive figure of VERONA'S maid †:
 Clos'd in the dreary vault where sleep the dead,
 Wrapp'd in the night-dress of the fun'ral bed,

* Another gallery is to be erected, for the purpose of receiving the whole collection, when completed.

† JULIET.

She

She breaks abruptly from her iron trance,
 And sends around a terror-rolling glance :
 A mournful, solitary lamp shall throw
 A sickly glimm'ring o'er the house of woe,
 And shall the wretched PARIS give to view,
 Stretch'd on the ground, with mien of ghastly hue :
 Then shall a deeper spectacle display,
 And hang o'er ROMEO with reluctant ray,
 Disclosing his wan lips, devoid of breath,
 And faint-ros'd cheek, still beautiful in death :
 Then shall the beam, with weaken'd effort, shed
 A fading glory on the FRIAR's head.

She too shall ornament the pictur'd scene,
 The destin'd victim of ITALIAN spleen * :
 See the base wretch perform his treach'rous part,
 With all the subtlety of finish'd art !
 Behold him bending o'er the sleeping maid,
 Her holy form to his research betray'd !

* IMOGEN.

Eager

Eager some secret notice to retail,
 With rav'nous aim he lifts the slender veil,
 And leering marks, by Nature's hand imprest,
 The mole cinque-spotted on her snowy breast;
 Whose scatter'd drops to the rapt eye excel
 The crimson spots within the cowslip's bell.

Here too, as patient as the meek-ey'd dove,
 Shall stand the maid who "never told her love *;"
 Who, to her coy and fearful bosom true,
 (As th' unseen worm, that pales the blossom's hue)
 Still let concealment on her beauty prey,
 Like snow dissolving silently away.

Beneath the roof of a monastic pile,
 Thro' the recesses of the length'ning isle,
 A monument shall strike the mournful eye,
 An imag'd Pity shall stand drooping nigh,
 And (where the lov'd, lamented ashes sleep)
 Unruffled Patience her long vigil keep.

• VIOLA.

Now,

Now, at the magic Painter's wild command,
 Girt with the sea, ascends th' Enchanted Land !
 There stands Simplicity's endearing child *,
 That artless Maid ! the flow'ret of the wild !
 Beside the margin of the wave-vex'd shore,
 While all around conflicting thunders roar,
 With unbound tresses, flutt'ring to the wind,
 Her eye expressive of her tortur'd mind,
 She views the vessel, by the surges tost,
 Now seen—now lost—now found—now once more lost :
 Till, madly rushing on the pointed rock,
 Its bosom riven with the forceful shock,
 Beyond the stretch of naval art to save,
 Down, down, it hurries to the watery grave !

Now PROSPERO comes, with magic arts endu'd,
 His sable garb with hieroglyphics strew'd ;
 Long care, long study, solitude profound,
 Has deepen'd on his brow reflection's wound ;

• MIRANDA.

C

His

His long-descending hair, o'erblanch'd with age,
 Becomes the Sorc'rer, and adorns the Sage :
 Ah ! view him at that dread, momentous hour,
 While he abjures his necromantic pow'r !
 Within the ring of Incantation's ground,
 Elves, Fairies, Spirits, Demons, flock around :
 Beneath his foot behold the potent wand,
 Doom'd ne'er again to grace his lifted hand !
 Behold the volume, which (with myst'ry fraught)
 Predestination's darkling edicts taught,
 And breath'd its solemn whispers on the mind,
 With dust o'erspread, and to neglect consign'd !
 Yet then the distant scenery imparts
 A dire remembrance of his former arts :
 The bright sun fading in his full career,
 The wild stars madly starting from their sphere,
 The storm-encumber'd sky, the swelling main,
 Th' uprooted cedars stretching o'er the plain,
 The mountain loosen'd by convulsive throe,
 With ruin rushing to the vale below,

And the pale wretch, reversing Nature's doom,
Abruptly rising from the rifted tomb !

What glowing Artift with bold hand fhall claim
To draw, oh ARIEL ! thy refplendent frame ?
Thou tricky Spirit with benignant fmile,
Thou playful meteor of th' Enchanted Ifle !
Not like a fea-nymph, rob'd in fickly green,
With dappled wings, as on the Stage thou'rt feen,
A gay transparency fhalt thou appear,
Thy form celestial melting into air,
With foot light-touching fome fantaftic height,
Prompt to depart, and ftretching to thy flight,

Yet, ere we fail from this Enchanted Ifle,
Let other fcenes our ling'ring fteps beguile :
There ftands ANTHONIO, the fuggesting fiend,
And half reveals his purpofe to his friend ;
His bofom fwells, his madd'ning eye-balls roll,
And fhew the workings of his inmoft foul.

All that his lawless, wild conceptions dare,
 In various forms hang hov'ring in the air :
 A sword fresh-tainted with ALONZO's blood,
 A sceptre swimming in a crimson flood,
 A crown with dazzling ornaments o'erspread,
 And lightly floating o'er SEBASTIAN's head ;
 While, in the distance, rising o'er the bay,
 Imperial Naples shall her tow'rs display.

Lo ! now, advancing on the mimic scene,
 Comes forth to view the fam'd Egyptian Queen * ;
 While anxious doubts her Soldier's mind perplex,
 Behold her rise instructive to her sex !
 Ah, not superior ! for the female heart
 Endures with fortitude the suff'ring part.
 Tow'ring beyond the flight of tim'rous love,
 She bids her Warrior from her sight remove ;
 She points her finger to the martial plain,
 Points to the active and the daring train :

* ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, Act 1st, Scene 3d, at the end.

The threat'ning axes which the Fasces bear ;
 The gorgeous streamers swelling to the air ;
 Of busy legions the thick murm'ring swarms ;
 The thronging shields, and high-emblazon'd arms ;
 Th' encumbering elephant, the rapid steed,
 And spoils of former conquest, Glory's meed ;
 Flush'd Conquest, riding in his trophied car,
 And all the dread magnificence of war.

Now shall the fell, tremendous act be done,
 The Thane * appears !—the warning clock strikes One !
 His daring, wild imaginings create
 (Such the hot chaos of his mental state)
 The air-born dagger, and display to view
 The point obscene, distain'd with crimson hue.

Still, as we gaze, shall new creations rise,
 And varying sceneries prolong surprise :
 Ere yet the sky-lark leaves his lowly bed,
 Bright on the mist-encircled mountain's head,

• MACBETH.

See

See jocund Day on airy tiptoe stand,
And ope the gates of Heav'n with radiant hand !

Now, like two lions litter'd on one day *,
Who range the dreary wilds, and share the prey,
I see, in dreadful harmony combin'd,
Th' illustrious Pair who dignify mankind !
The summer-cloud, that dimm'd their friendship's ray,
The passing summer-gale hath borne away ;
Yet CASSIUS then upbraids th' unmanly grief,
That from the moral Porch claims no relief :
With low'ring aspect, but with tearless eyes,
The grief-torn, inly-bleeding friend replies ;
" Ah ! not in vain was I with Stoics bred,
" For yet art thou to learn, that PORTIA's dead."

The hair-dishevell'd Prophetess of Troy †
Shall next the Painter's hallow'd hand employ :

* JULIUS CÆSAR, Act 4th, Scene 3d.

† TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act 5th, Scene 3d.

She,

She, with bold Divination's meteor-eye,
 Pervades the awful secrets of the sky ;
 The woes of her lov'd country she foretels,
 And on her brother's death proluxly dwells.
 ANDROMACHE, impress'd with tender fears,
 At the prophetic strain dissolves in tears ;
 While HECTOR's scorn-denouncing looks upbraid
 The vapoury day-dreams of the wild'ring Maid :
 While PRIAM, bending at the weight of age,
 Rever'd, parental, patriarchal Sage !
 Half credits, half rejects, the tragic tale,
 Till terrors o'er his fading hopes prevail.

Whence yonder radiant form that charms the eye ?
 'Tis Expectation, riding thro' the sky !
 A sword-like instrument she waves around,
 Enwreath'd with coronets, with chaplets bound,
 Prepar'd for HENRY and his faithful train,
 Eager to urge the war o'er Gallia's plain.

Behold

Behold the Legate from the sacred Dome *,
 In the rich garb of sacerdotal Rome !—
 CONSTANCE approaches ! spurning at relief,
 Attir'd in all the negligence of grief :
 In her fierce grasp she shews her rooted hair,
 Presenting well the image of Despair ;
 And seems to cry aloud, in accents wild,
 “ He talks to me, who never had a child !”

Mark where the blood-fed lamps, with crimson ray †,
 The ragged entrails of a cave display :
 There, on a craggy seat, the Wizard's throne,
 Sits, in rude pomp, th' emaciated Crone ;
 She lifts a pale and wither'd hand on high,
 And on the Phantom rolls her savage eye,
 Whose doubtful form confounds th' enquiring sight,
 One part reveal'd, the other lost in night :
 From this abhorr'd interpreter of fate,
 The Hag demands the future storms of state,

* KING JOHN, Act 3d, Scene 4th.

† HENRY SIXTH, Part II. Act 1st, Scene 4th.

When the Sixth HENRY, prince of dim renown,
Shall lose, what ill becomes him—England's crown.

Ye, who to martial fame your spirit yield,
Who pant to reap the honors of the field,
See the Third EDWARD, from the mountain's brow,
Survey, with madd'ning glance, the plain below :
He there beholds (by sacred Glory won)
In Danger's van his dear and godlike Son :
He views with wonder, and with mingled fear,
(His eye-lid glist'ning with Affection's tear)
With pride, applause, and with a Father's joy,
The first achievements of th' immortal Boy*!

Lo! the Eighth HENRY, from his doubts releas'd,
Devotes to infamy th' aspiring Priest †:
The Monarch hails him as he passes by,
With ruin leaping from his threat'ning eye:

* HENRY FIFTH, Act 1st, Scene 2d.

† HENRY EIGHTH, Act 3d, Scene 2d.

The Prelate, struck as by the blast of Death,
Looks the scath'd oak upon the naked heath,
The distant scene shall yield illumin'd night,
With one star falling from its airy height,
Thy emblem, WOLSEY!—thou wast England's star,
And thy rich lustre dazzled from afar;
Till thou (too daring) wast, by public hate,
Flung from the splendor of thy tow'ring state.

With fearful steps we now approach the bed
Where Scotland's King reclines his weary head:
Mark, mark the savage Thane's * more savage Wife,
Who brandishes aloft the thirsty knife!
One moment—and the victim is no more;
One moment—and he welters in his gore!
When sudden, thro' her soul's encircling night,
Flashes a glimm'ring of a moral light:
O'er the calm features of the sleeping Guest
She sees her Father's image full exprest †!

* MACBETH.

† Act 2d, Scene 2d.—LADY MACBETH. "Had he not resembled my Father as he slept, I had don't."

'Tis Nature's miracle!—the Fiend relents,
Her alter'd mien a fickle smile presents;
Affection subjugates her lawless soul,
Her bosom heaves, and tears begin to roll.

Say, to whose proud ambition shall be giv'n
A pencil glowing with the tints of Heav'n,
With which the wild Enthusiast shall aspire
To body forth th' ecstatic Muse of Fire *?
At the gay opening of the splendid sky
The Seraph enters, with commanding eye,
Her radiant visitant Invention hails,
And all her waste magnificence reveals:
A diamond-rock sustains the gorgeous Queen,
That flings a brilliance o'er th' expansive scene;
The various Arts their sovereign Mistress own,
And bend with low obeisance at her throne:

* HENRY FIFTH, the Prologue.

“ O for a Muse of Fire, that would ascend

“ The brightest heaven of Invention !”

See, to the Muse the Goddess holds a crown,
Bright on whose front is character'd "RENOWN!"

A subject now unfolds of meeker claim *,
Yet seeks the heart with unresisted aim :
The faithful Servant on the scene appears,
Impress'd, but not o'ercharg'd, with weight of years :
The glow of health still blushes on his cheek,
As on the winter-fruit the ruddy streak :
His tearful eyes his Master's wants behold,
And to those wants he yields the hoarded gold :
Methinks he says, " With this thy care assuage ;
" For me, let Him be comfort to my age,
" Whose tender providence the Raven feeds,
" And to the Sparrow yields the daily feeds."

See where the chisel, with victorious strife,
Has urg'd the torpid matter into life !
Lo ! the bold Roman to our view consign'd,
His air reflective of his haughty mind ;

* AS YOU LIKE IT, Act 2d, Scene 3d.

Spite

Spite of the foldings of a mean disguise,
 His frame majestic strikes th' admiring eyes :
 So the tall vessel, shatter'd by the storm,
 Retains her native dignity of form :
 Behold him, at the hour of conscious pride,
 And prompting worth, to confidence allied,
 What time he utters, with commanding air,
 " My name breathes terror on a Volscian ear !"
 This high, heroic task, by Genius plann'd,
 Avows th' impression of a female hand * :
 Illustrious DAMER ! tho' thy splendid name
 Decks, like a star, the pinnacle of fame,
 Yet only they who mark, with aspect near,
 The humbler orb of thy domestic sphere,
 Can tell (from all the rougher parts refin'd)
 How Learning sits enamell'd on thy mind ;
 How still, thro' various life's eventful scene,
 Thy friendship wears th' unfading robe of green !—

* See the Basso-Relievo by the Honourable ANN DAMER.—CORIOLANUS, Act
 4th, Scene 5th.

NOR shall each task unfold the solemn scene
 Hung with the drap'ry of the Tragic Queen :
 With airy step THALIA shall advance,
 And dart around her grief-expelling glance,
 Group the fantastic forms of Humour's court,
 And bid the Pleasures o'er the landscape sport.
 Where'er our Bard displays his magic pow'rs,
 Where'er he treads, arise spontaneous flow'rs,
 Which o'er the pallet brighter tints shall throw,
 While the live pencil drinks a richer glow.
 See where the Birds forsake the realms of air *,
 And to yon melancholy spot repair ;
 Where press the bier those images of love,
 The radiant Phenix and the faithful Dove :
 Just o'er the summit of the funeral pyre,
 Wak'd by the gale, ascends the sacred fire.
 There Philomela swells her little throat,
 To grace the requiem with her saddest note :

* See the Poems.—“ The Passionate Pilgrim,” at the end.

There

There too the pitying Red-breast shall be seen,
 And in his bill a leaf of purest green :
 The Swallow shall his circling sport forego,
 And join this meek society of woe :
 The joyous Sky-lark, by compassion won,
 Shall check his wonted anthem to the sun,
 And, swift-descending from his radiant height,
 Devote his music to the hallow'd rite.
 E'en birds shall here be seen of ampler form,
 Who slowly sail, and dare the gath'ring storm :
 The Vulture here shall come, at Sorrow's call,
 And the dark Raven spread his hov'ring pall :
 The Bird of Jove shall from his heav'n descend,
 And with this train his awful presence blend.

Ye who, with finer sympathies imprest,
 Avow th' immaculate and feeling breast,
 O white-stol'd Virgins ! in long order move,
 True to the ritual of the cypress grove ;
 And, while your souls with chaste affection burn,
 With garlands deck the emblematic urn.

Ah !

Ah! now the zeal that warms my throbbing heart
 For all who honor the Poetic art,
 Ferments my bosom to this strong desire,
 That He who led the Bard's theatric quire,
 Whom England mourns—recording still his name,
 Who grappled to his own his SHAKESPEARE'S fame,
 That He, by Sculptor imag'd, here may stand,
 In act to speak what his great Idol plann'd.

Thus have we travers'd the extensive plain,
 Mark'd where the mine contains the swelling vein;
 Mark'd where the chosen trees their branches shoot,
 And pluck'd the leaves that veil the Golden Fruit!

F I N I S.

55-194
 16